Presidents and Pies

An Interesting Account of Washington People of Yesterday and Today by the Wife of the Well-Known Diplomatist

By Mrs. Larz Anderson.

(Continued from Saturday.)

At a reception given for the mission at the British embassy, I met Mr. Balfour for the first time. We had quite a little chat, for my husband had known him in England and recalled himself, realizing the great man's failing—he cannot remember faces. It is said that sometimes he doesn't even recognize members of his own Cabinet.

This trait of his came out quite amusingly at a dinner he attended—an especially interesting occasion because both Republicans and Democrats were represented, Colonel House and Mr. Taft sitting side by side. For an hour Mr. Balfour, who is a man of about seventy, stood before the fireplace and talked superbly, his head held high and his words an enduring inspiration to those who listened. There could be no mistaking his power. But when it came time for the guests to leave, he mistook my husband for the master of the house and thanked him cordially for his hospitality!

The French commissioners arrived only a few days after the British, and were entertained at the house of Ambassador White. They received an even greater ovation than the British, perhaps due to the fact that France sent us her great popular idol, "Papa" Joffre, the hero of the Marne. His victory was said to be "a triumph comparable with Valmy and with Marathon; the one a victory of the spirit, the other a triumph of the intelligence. * * * It was a victory of French genius over German force."

With him was the Minister of Justice and ex-Premier Rene Viviani—"the eloquent voice of France," who had, as a New York paper put it, "written into the French laws more statutes that are socialistic in their essence than any other of his comrades in the party. * * * Furthermore, contrary to the doctrines of socialism, he has been an ardent militarist; years before the world war he besought preparedness. * * * His career in public life has been * * * a vivid flash across the pages of his country."

We had the pleasure of meeting both of the great emissaries at the French embassy, and also Count Pierre de Chambrun, a descendant of Lafayette's who, like his brother, had married a cousin of my husband's. General Joffre had thrown back the blue military cloak he wore, revealing his uniform of navy blue tunic with many medals, and scarlet trousers with gold braid. Because of his white face and the strong, heavily built body which showed his peasant stock, he made a decided contrast to the dark, fiery Viviani, who was rather jealous, I heard it whispered, of his popular colleague.

When my husband was introduced as a former minister to Belgium, I said to the marshal, "I hope we may next meet in Brussels!" to which the old soldier replied, "C'est probable!" Though at that time I must say it looked anything but probable.

The program for the commissions varied somewhat in the different cities—in Washington it was official and social in character, while elsewhere it was more of a popular demonstration, mixed with sightseeing. First there were calls to be paid by the mission to the President, and the State Department, and addresses before Congress, and innumerable important meetings. Then a round of entertainments was arranged for them. There were no parades in the Capital, but in all the other large cities processions took place with officials, soldiers and school children. The visitors made speeches in parks or public buildings before large crowds of people all over America; in Washington their audiences, however, were chiefly official in character, and, of course, smaller. The British did not visit Boston; as that city is preponderantly Irish, it was thought wiser to leave it out of their itinerary. The French stayed away from Chicago because of the pro-German sentiment there.

The Presidential yacht Mayflower took both missions down the river one day to Mount Vernon. As they approached the landing a bugler sounded taps, and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Once ashore the party went directly to the tomb for the simple ceremony of paying their tribute to the Father of Our Country.

Mr. Balfour presented a wreath of lilies and oak leaves—dedicated by the British mission to the immortal memory of George Washington, soldier, statesman, patriot, who would have rejoiced to see the country of which he was by birth a citizen and the country which his genius called into existence fighting side by side to save mankind from subjection to a military despotism."

Marshal Joffre, attended by two French soldiers bearing the bronze palm, stooped under the low iron grating and laid the offering of France upon the tomb. Standing there with bowed head, he spoke with a quiet simplicity which was in itself impressive: "In the French army all venerate the name and memory of Washington. I respectfully salute here the great soldier and lay upon his tomb the palm we offer our soldiers who have died for their country."

By the end of May the French mission was once again in France. All along the way from Brest hilarious crowds greeted their returning countrymen, and immense throngs were waiting for them at the Paris station. When the emissaries found their motor cars halted by a mass of cheering people who surged through the lines of police, Marshal Joffre exclaimed, "Why, it is like New York!" They had certainly succeeded in arousing America to an ardent desire to be of the utmost service to their country.

"Help France? Help France?
Who would not, thanking God for the great chance,
Stretch out his hands and run to succor France?"

In the month of June three more missions came from other allied countries—Italy, Russia, and Belgium—to confer with the members of the Administration and gain the assurance of our co-operation. They were all in Washington at the same time, and the programs for their duties and pleasures were much the same.

The Italian emissaries were headed by a cousin of the King's, to whom and to whose colleagues the Leiters gave up their house. His Royal Highness Ferdinand of Savoy, Prince of Udine, brought the President a personal letter from Victor Emmanuel III. But no more eloquent words of greeting had come to America from any of her allies than those of the soldier-poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio. Written for the Italian celebration of the Fourth of July, the author—whose mother had been killed in an air raid, who had himself lost an eye and a hand, and given all his property to his country—in the "Call to Arms" appealed to us to share their inspiration:

"Live, then, America, for truth is living;
Die, for in death is immortality.
We're on the march! How long shall we be marching?
Until the roads of east and west are free;
Until beneath the four winds of the world
Freedom is possible for all mankind;
Until we reach the end of our long journey;
Until time brings the fullness of the years.
A Faith in arms is marching to the future;
Its flags are consecrated to the dawn!"

Besides bringing Italy's greetings to the Republic, the representatives hoped also to arrange for supplies of raw materials and equipment for her soldiers. In their conferences with our officials great stress was laid on the need of coal, iron and steel, of chemicals and cotton, and of copper, brass, and rubber for war purposes. But in return the Italians were eager to help us in every way possible, especially in giving us information which would aid in the development of our airplanes.

Since my husband had been secretary in the embassy at Rome for a number of years, we invited Prince Udine to dinner. As he was young and fond of dancing, in spite of the war we asked a few young people to dance. When we lunched at the Italian embassy, I sat next him at table. Although a naval officer and very charming, a good sort—intelligent and alertly interested in everything—I did not think him quite so attractive as his cousin the Duke of the Abruzzi.

By great good fortune I got tickets to go to the Capitol and hear the Prince, Mr. Balfour, and the new Russian Ambassador address Congress. As usual the place was crowded, and a furore of enthusiasm was evinced at all the speeches. In spite of the fact that Prince Udine read his in broken English, it was surprisingly good; the Russian also spoke admirably, and in excellent English.

Russia sent us the Provincial Government Special Ambassador Bakhmetieff. But even at that time their country was going on from a frenzy of confusion to an utter chaos of anarchy. As Kerensky said, "We have tasted liberty and it has made us drunk." So in spite of the Ambassador's hopeful words to Congress, assuring us that "Russia will not fail to be a worthy partner in the league of honor," that country's betrayal of the cause of the Allies was already near at hand.

There were many stories current about this mission. It appears Bakhmetieff had lived in New York State for several years and so knew our language and ways. Although a Kerensky man, he was not as Socialistic as I had imagined he might be. His Excellency had come to America by way of Siberia, and had brought a number of men and women with him—so many, in fact, that they could not all be housed by Mr. Jenning, who had kindly offered them his home. All the women and some of the men had to be sent on to New York. It was whispered that the feminine contingent wore such strange clothes and were such peculiar types that it was feared they would not make a good impression, and so only the most presentable men remained in Washington.

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

BOOKS

THE RESCUE. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

This romance of adventure, political intrigue, and an overwhelming passion is fittingly laid in "the shallow sea that foams and murmurs on the shores of the thousand islands, big and little, that make up the Malay Archipelago." For centuries these islands have been the scene of desperate adventure. Following the lead of Magellan, Cook and Da Gama, many a gallant sea captain, English, Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch, coasted his perilous ways along these shores, and left the imprint of the virtues and vices of four nations. Against all Europeans the natives waged war in defence of their liberty, and despite defeat have maintained to the present their fanatical devotion to their chiefs and their love of freedom.

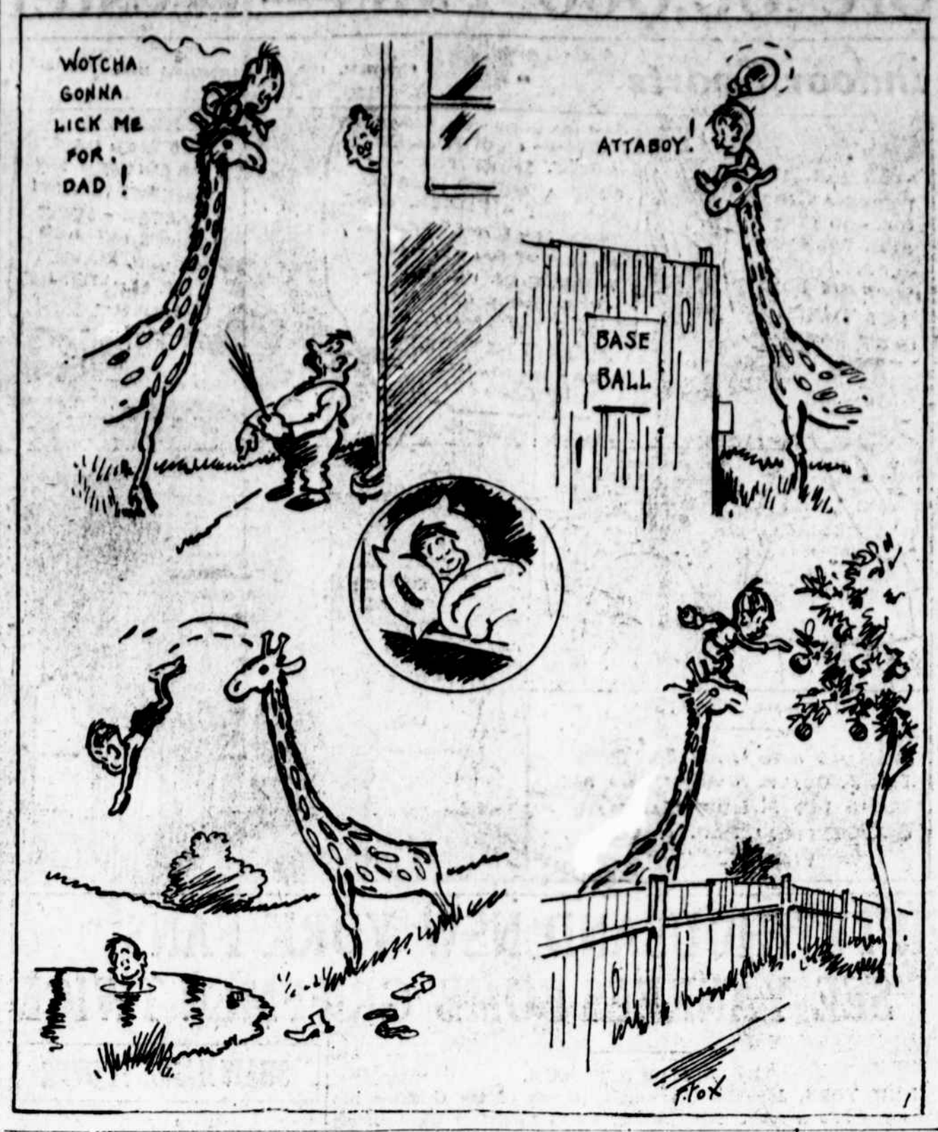
To this region of mystery and romance came Tom Lingard, "thirty-five, erect and supple, more like a man accustomed to stride over plains and hill than like one who had been used to counteract by sudden swayings of his body the rise and roll of cramped decks of small craft. He was proud of his brig—Lightning—which was reckoned the swiftest vessel in those seas. To him she was full of life . . . always precious, desirable, faithful." Cabin boy on a trawler out of Brixton at sixteen, he had been successively gold digger, adventurer and trader with the natives.

Lingard's mission in these seas was the restoration of Hassim, Rajah of Wajo, to his rightful throne. Concerned with him in this endeavor were the Princess Immada, sister of Hassim; the macabre-like Jorgensen of the sunken "Rose," and Belarab, a native chieftain whose lands had been taken by the Dutch. Two years had Lingard spent in furtherance of this purpose; two years of intrigue and diplomacy. And now all was ready for the coup which was to restore a throne and pay a debt of gratitude to Hassim.

Then at night came a hail from out the darkness and a voice in English asks assistance for people on a stranded yacht. Tragic in the extreme the subsequent concatenation of events. For now entered the woman, Edith Travers, and love came to Lingard, and with it a forgetfulness of intention, a working at cross purposes, which brought catastrophe in their train. Like another Mark Anthony tossing away empire for a smile, Lingard lets pass the opportunity for achievement to sink "on the ground against her feet, the weight of his head against her knee." What to him those questions of "freedom and captivity, of violence and intrigue, of life and death. He was not in a state to be told anything, and in the greatness of her compassion she simply couldn't think. All she could do was to rest her hand lightly on his head and respond silently to the slight movement she felt, sigh or sob, which immobilized her in an anxious emotion."

The tale is fascinatingly told. Ever present is the background of the sea, the sea of romance and adventure, across which move the characters of the story in a series of changing pictures. Now dramatic, now subtle, Conrad sweeps the reader along through the pages of this absorbing romance. Never for a moment is the interest allowed to lag, from the opening description of the scene of the plot to the final inevitable climax which ends the story.

The Night Timmy Dreamed He Owned a Pet Giraffe — By Fontaine Fox



When a Girl Marries.

By Anne Lisle.

My ankle kept me housed for only a few days. Following the new theories, the doctor strapped it up tightly with adhesive plaster, so the torn ligaments would be held in place. He made me walk a little bit each day in order to keep the bandaged ankle from stiffening. As news doesn't travel very fast among our friends, I was almost ready to be up and about again before people found out that I had been sick. I had a pretty lonely time of it—and how I did miss the wine jellies and cup custards that would have come pouring in on the household out at home!

So I was particularly glad to see Virginia when she came dashing in the very morning that the doctor pronounced me ready to go out for a nice drive in the park.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't know. What can't do for you, Anna?" asked Virginia contritely, coming over to the couch where I lay trying to get up ambition enough to obey the doctor and to go out for a drive.

She stooped and kissed me, laying a wonderful sheaf of late roses in my hand as she spoke. I tried to keep down my pique and to act like a grown woman instead of the hurt child I felt. Jim had been too busy to give me any time during the long day, and after that first evening of kindness Val had disappeared from my ken, telephoning now and then to inquire how I was, but too much immersed in her own concerns to do more than that.

"It's very sweet of you to come," I said, conscious of the absurd trembling of my lips.

"Poor kiddie!" said Virginia, stooping to kiss me. "Why didn't you send for me? Phoebe just heard of your dreadful experience this morning. Neal's been out of town, you know. These have been ugly days, haven't they, dear?"

Virginia's sympathy and understanding astonished me. And when it lasted all through the day I could hardly believe I wasn't running a fever and imagining things in my delirium. She stayed with me until late afternoon and then rushed off posthaste—to avoid Jim, as I very well knew.

Hardly had she departed when Carlotta arrived, bringing some of the latest books and magazines and a wonderful box of marrons. And then Phoebe and Neal came, plus a big box of candy and masses of flowers. When Jim came he found me holding court.

"I wonder if all this excitement's good for you," he remarked after the last of my guests—Pat, who came bringing a big basket of fruit—had departed.

"It's better for me than lying here all alone for three days was," I said meaningfully.

"Why, honey! You didn't want me to stay home from business and hold your hand, did you?" bantered Jim.

"No; but it's been pretty lonesome, and I had too much time to remember that dreadful interview with Dick West."

"Poor kiddie, that was an nightmare of an evening! But it's all over and no harm done—no harm, that is, as long as I go down to business each day and fight West. But there might be some damage if I sat here holding your hand, as you doubtless think a devoted husband should."

There was a suggestion of irritation in Jim's voice, though he knelt by the couch as he spoke and gathered me into his arms. But his caress was automatic instead of tender.

"Today wasn't bad at all. It was nice," I said, glad that I could reassure Jim as to the state of my feelings, even if it wasn't he who had brightened them. "Virginia came and was so adorably sweet and kind I thought at first I was dreaming it all."

"When Virginia chooses," commented Jim dryly, "she can be very charming."

"There was a little girl and she had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead, and when she was good she was very, very good, and when she was bad she was horrid." I chanted, adding coaxingly: "But Virginia would be sweet always if only she were happy, Jim. And don't you think she'd be happier if you were to phone and thank her for her kindness to me?"

"Perhaps. But that theory isn't going to be tested," replied Jim curtly.

"Please, dear," I persisted, "please. There's a very special reason why you should. Maybe you haven't stopped to realize it, but Jeanie doesn't know yet that Pat has bought the old Harrison place and put it in her name. She ought to know."

"Who's going to tell her? asked Jim.

"You—you, of course, dear," I said quietly, twining my arms tightly around Jim.

He flung me off and got to his feet, limping slowly over to a chair on the other side of the room. His face worked and his eyes seemed to be looking on bitter fruit.

"I wanted to buy the old place myself, you know," he said, at last.

"Yes, I know. But Pat managed to get it. And he's put it in Jeanie's name. There's only one thing that can possibly mean Jim."

"You think"——began Jim, studying me through narrowing eyes. Then he flung himself to his feet, smiling his dear, boyish smile. Of course, Pat still cares. And her bitterness against Neal and Phoebe's happiness is because she doesn't believe a man's love lasts. When she sees how it is with Pat, that must restore her belief in love—and make her happy. Make her willing to let the kids be happy, too. We have you, Virginia—have you just where we want you. Of course I'll tell her, Anne. I'll 'phone and start the reconciliation stuff this instant."

(To Be Continued.)

Sir Joshua Reynolds' picture, "The Five Cherubs," is really five pictures of one little girl, painted from five different points of view.

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

Faro Frank was panting slightly; panting, too, was Box-Car Bill. None could say that they went lightly, but at last they climbed the hill. They were scarcely men of muscle, for their trade had left 'em soft, and about their hardest tussle was to climb into a loft. "We stop here," said Box-Car, gruffly, and Friend Frank was well content. Fate had used 'em pretty roughly. They were weary, worn and spent. Box-Car Bill sank down, still puffing and spoke thusly to his mate: "Other folks may think I'm bluffin'; but jest let those geezers wait! Think uv that there nervy critter callin' me a common tramp!" Box-Car's voice was very bitter; Box-Car's tone with tears was damp. "Sayin' I got no ambition an' I'll always be in need! Wait till I'm in a position jest to show that guy some speed! Wait until I make a killin' playin' poker some fine day, then I'll show that bayseed villain what is meant by gettin' gay! 'Course, my restless disposition gives me this here wanderlust, an' when for new scenes I'm wishin', why, I jest git up, an' dust.

Compensation.

Diner: "This is a very small piece of chicken you have given me, waiter" Waiter: "Yes, sir; but you will find it will take you a long time to eat it".

Saving Money in the Home; Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

By Elizabeth Lattimer.

EVERYONE seems to enjoy the recipes, and many letters ask that I print some more. Here are several that are new and surprisingly good:

RHUBARB SURPRISE.

Wash and cut into small meat cubes a sufficient quantity of rhubarb for your particular family. Do not remove the skin, as this gives a pretty pinkish tinge to the syrup. Place in a saucepan with a very little cold water. When it is thoroughly heated, add a pinch of baking soda. Let it stand for a minute and then pour off the water. Add fresh water and let it simmer gently until tender. When ready to remove add raisins (as many as you please), and a little grated orange or lemon peel. Thicken with level teaspoon of cornstarch moistened with water. When cold add sugar to taste. Very little sugar is necessary, as the soda removes the acid. Chilled bananas may take the place of the raisins.

EGGS ON CASSEROLE.

Make a cream sauce and add one-half a green pepper cut into small slices and parboiled. Pour this over three hard-boiled eggs and four large boiled potatoes, cut into slices. Place in a casserole and bake one-half hour. A little pimento may also be added. This is an excellent luncheon dish for four people.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Cut a head of cabbage up fine. Mince also an onion and a green pepper. Mix these together and add pepper, vinegar, and sweet oil to taste. Let stand three hours. When ready to serve drain off vinegar and add mayonnaise dressing and garnish with green pepper.

CREAMED MEAT SOUFFLE.

Two tablespons butter, two tablespoons flour, and two cups milk made into a white sauce. While hot add one-half cup fine bread crumbs and cook for five minutes. Then add two cups cold chopped meat (left over from any roast), and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Salt to taste. Fold in lastly the beaten whites of the eggs and bake one-half hour. Serve at once.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Mix together the juice and rind of two oranges, half cup bread crumbs, one and one-half cups milk, one cup sugar and three eggs, well beaten. The pulp of the two oranges may also be used. Bake in a buttered pudding dish until sufficiently thickened. Let cool, and when completely cold turn into a glass dish and serve with whipped cream. Lemon may be used instead of oranges if so desired.

A MEAL IN ONE DISH.

Take one-half pound round steak and cut into small pieces and fry in butter or substitute. Add five or six small onions finely chopped. When brown add one cup tomatoes, one cup corn. Salt and pepper to taste.

How a Woman Can Earn Money at Home

Ten dollars as a prize for the best idea. Count 'em—ten times as big as the Economy Prize, for just one idea. Write on one side of paper only. Have your letter in The Times office before midnight, Saturday, May 29.

ELIZABETH LATTIMER.

Bathing the Baby

By Brice Belden, M. D.

EVERY child should, if possible, have a tub bath every day, beginning about the end of the first week of life.

Infants should be bathed before the 9 or 10 o'clock feeding. For runabouts, just before bedtime.

For a young infant, have the bath at body temperature (98). This may be gradually lowered to 90 during the first year, and lower yet later on. Bath thermometers may be purchased in the pharmacies. The room should not be specially heated. Ordinary room temperature, with quick undressing and dressing, is far safer than the overheated room commonly employed. Taking cold, which occurs when the child is removed from such a room to anywhere else in the house, is thus guarded against.

The utensils required are a small foot tub on a low table; or a collapsible rubber tub on wooden frame (that called the "tub within a tub" is the best); castile soap; a washcloth, best made of an old linen table napkin; a soft linen handtowel, to wipe the baby with; a large turkish towel, to wrap him in, on removing from the tub; a bath apron, or lap mat; talcum powder (plain, unscented is the bests).

Immerse the baby in the tub, supporting his head with the left hand. An older child may sit up in the tub.

Rub briskly with the soaped wash cloth. Do not soap the child before placing him in the tub, nor allow the soap to remain in the tub during the bath.

The scalp is best washed while the baby lies on his back in the tub, as thus the soapy water can be kept out of his eyes. If preferred, however, it may be washed and dried either before or after tubbing. Once a week for babies and every other week for runabouts is often enough for this.

While the water is running out, after the bath, let the water run cold and splash three or four handfuls over his neck and chest, rubbing briskly. Remove child to the lap, over which has been spread the thick Turkish towel. Wrap him at once in the towel, rubbing him dry at first with this, and finishing with the soft linen towel.

The bath apron or mat protects the mother. Dry thoroughly but rapidly, then rub the body vigorously with the bare hands for a moment, using a little talcum powder. Dress as quickly as possible, and one need have no fear of the child's taking cold in a room of ordinary house temperature.

The Right Idea.

The grocer had just given little Amy a banana, which was accepted silently. "Well, what do you say to the nice man?" prompted her mother. "Please skin it!" replied Amy.